

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN,

AND

Spectator of Books, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c.

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ADDRESS.

WEEKLY REVIEWING. BY OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN begs to offer his kind and most respectful compliments to his numerous readers, and trusts they will neither take offence nor chagrine at the slight curtailment this week manifest in his fair proportions. In conformity with the growing taste of the age, which is for "little and good"—and CHEAP—our price is this week reduced to three-halfpence, the number of our pages being eight. The editor having his thoughts thus concentrated in a smaller space, will be enabled so to condense and digest the various matters comprised in his columns as materially to facilitate the pursuits of the reader, and alike economize his purse, his time, and his attention. We have long been affected by the conviction that sixteen solid quarto pages weekly, were more than a passing review of the passing literature of the day merited or called for. In the deficiency of publications of real and general interest, we have been obliged from time to time, and more frequently than we could have desired, to have recourse to books of a more doubtful and ephemeral value, for the mere purpose of filling out the requisite number of columns with "copious extracts" from the newest works. This is a bold confession for an editor to make, but it is an honest and a true one, and we hope it will be applauded and welcomed accordingly. Our brother quarto-critics have long borne silent testimony to the same effect, but without the tact or the openness to make the avowal. Let any of our readers look over their pages for the past six months, and see the extent to which their "reviews of books" are carried, and the general nature of their composition;—barely eight pages is the average quantum of critical and extracted matter, in which is included, besides some books of useful and lasting interest, a very considerable proportion of those dullest of all dull reviews,—trashy romances and fashionable novels. What the rest of the sixteen pages is filled with must yet be a matter of speculation, for we know not the wight who has had the perseverance or the fortitude to explore them very narrowly;—yet filled they are with something, and that is all that can be said for them.

Let it here be understood that we are by no means finding fault with any one,—not even ourselves,—we are merely stating a case which, by sad necessity, has long been, and probably will much longer exist. The business of the weekly critic, or rather reviewer, is to read, to judge, and to collect;—

to concentrate within the smallest space possible the most comprehensive, varied, and interesting view of the literature and the arts of the past week. This he may do either by criticism and explanation, or by extract;—it remaining still with his judgment as to how far either or both of these means are most appropriate and judicious. Some books are valuable, novel, and of general interest in their materials, and require very little of critical remark,—these then are to be represented to the reader by extracts judiciously selected, and briefly connected by explanation;—others, again, of a more abstruse and less flexible nature, are better understood from a general synoptical survey, which should be as clear and as much concentrated as possible;—others, whose beauties or defects imperatively call for the niceties of criticism, should be treated with the elaborateness of praise or censure they deserve; whilst not a few which are destined to strut and fret their hour on the stage of puff-popularity are best dismissed with a brief and candid observation, which may serve as epitaph in the time of need.

It will be seen from this, that a hebdomadal editor has no easy task if he seek to do his duty alike by readers and authors. It will be allowed also that with freedom to choose, to read, and to act for himself, a great deal may be done in a very moderate space, to the satisfaction of the demands of the public at least. But it happens in very many cases that the public is not the only, nor even the first consideration in these matters;—there are other interests at work which, though partially concealed, are no less urgent in their operation. These are chiefly the professed publishers and authors who live by the sale of their works, and who hope to sell those works by means of favourable reviews, and "taking" extracts. To such an extent has this principle been at work, and so systematic and extensive is it in its operation, that we doubt if there is a single criticism, laudatory or condemnatory, contained in the columns of a single weekly review, the private object and interest of which might not be easily pointed out to be unfair, if not venal. Is a book wonderously praised, as "such a book as never was before?"—look to the publisher's or the author's name, and ask what connection he has either with the writer, or the printer of the critique, or the editor, or the publisher, or the proprietor of the paper,—and the mystery is solved at once. Is an author abused,—utterly or partially condemned?—make similar but negative inquiries of—what influence or connection he has not with either or any of these respectable parties;—and see, moreover, whether

he be not in some shape or form a rival to some accredited "established author" connected with these same,—and, therefore, an intruder in a field previously occupied;—let us sagaciously make these few inquiries, and we shall be at no loss to comprehend the *justness* of the editor's remarks. Why are Mr. Longman's or Mr. Colburn's books reviewed at length, and with abundant extracts in certain papers we could name, whilst in the very same papers Mr. So-and-So's publications are passed over with a brief and unsatisfactory remark in an obscure corner, and in obscure company, to the utter damnation of his hopes? The answer is evident,—for sure Messrs. L. and C. "may do what they please with *their own*!"

Whilst men and not works are thus the guides of editorial labour, and the tyrants of editorial sagacity, authors must be unfairly treated, and the public have a very imperfect and uninviting view of the literature of the day. It is not the editor's fault, poor man!—he is paid for his labour, and labour he must, in whatever yoke his master may put upon him. The typographical devils worry him for copy, and his eight-and-forty columns crave for stuff to fill their long and lanky measure;—certain books and certain authors are to occupy certain places, and to certain extent; there is no discretion either of choice or opinion vested in the editor, and so the affair is inevitably settled;—the public being left to like it or leave it, as they think proper. Now with us we make bold to say the case is very different. The Literary Guardian knows but one master,—the PUBLIC;—he seeks to please and to instruct but one set of people—and they are numerous enough, be praise where it is due!—his READERS;—his only ambition is to be found useful and entertaining;—his only reward shall be that which must necessarily accrue from the increase of his readers, and consequently the increased extent of his services. He seeks not to obtain an unsound applause at the expense of truth or reason,—he seeks not to display his prowess for the mere sake of conquest in an unjust cause,—nor will he waste his words or his strength in a matter which calls not for his intervention;—he will not sacrifice his public opinion to serve a private interest, nor make an individual friend, by forsaking his public masters. He is content to labour on in the inglorious privacy he has hitherto preserved, silent and steady in his avocations, provided only the same silent and steady commendation that has as yet encouraged his exertions, be still vouchsafed unto him.

Our space being now voluntarily reduced to what we consider very "fair proportions,"

we shall have to use a little extra care in our selection and treatment of whatever matter we may introduce. In our selection we shall seek only the reader's entertainment and instruction;—in what we may advance from ourselves, we shall observe two general rules,—necessity of matter and brevity of manner. In our new size, we shall also be enabled to publish our paper some hours earlier than heretofore, so as to suit the convenience of country readers and others. Our price will be three-halfpence,—and those whom such a sub-division may offend, can easily obviate any difficulty by purchasing two copies instead of one, or making up their odd three-halfpence by patronizing "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,"—a very worthy companion to our own, both in merit and price.

SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

WE hold it as an incontrovertible principle, that Nature is the most legitimate and salutary school of Art. The ingenious calculations and deductions of scientific men can only be true and valuable as far as they are well-founded upon the facts and illustrations that are daily presenting themselves, in the vast and variegated field of natural life.—Poets and painters are especially indebted to this fruitful source for all their finest ideas and happiest pictures; and he can never hope to prosper happily by the rules of art, who has not, in the first place, a thorough perception of the more universal and unerring principles of nature. This is also the case, though, perhaps, not so evidently at first sight, with the third and most delightful branch of the Fine Arts—Music;—a creation which, however rich, however luxuriant, however intricate, when carried to perfection, has, nevertheless, its origin and component parts in all the simplest sounds which the voice of nature, through her various obedient channels, is continually presenting us with. The germs of harmony are in the breath of nature, as the germs of life and vegetation are in the bosom of the earth; and all that the hand of man can do is to cultivate and appropriate them to his use. The herbs of the field contain the means of life and cure for the body of man—the breath of the atmosphere contains all the sounds that can give solace or delight to his ear;—under the direction of science, the resources and powers of both may be salutarily increased; whilst, in the hands of a quack—there are quacks in music as in medicine—they may be misapplied, and wrought into unnatural, unwholesome, and enfevering compounds, equally destructive to the healthy state in both cases. The field of nature, then, is the true field for musical as for medical study, where the explorer should be guided by sound sense and powers of judgment, with a sufficiency of invention.

We have just read a most interesting and ingenious volume under the above title,*

* "The Music of Nature," &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1832.

by Mr. Gardiner; in which it is attempted to prove, "that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, or performing upon musical instruments, is derived from the sounds of the animated world." The author, in his preface, says, he "has been in the habit of listening to sounds of every description, and that with more than ordinary attention; but none have interested him so much as the cries of animals and the song of birds. In the busy world, or in quiet and repose, he has amused himself with taking down these germs of melody; and, had his pursuits led him more into rural life, a more ample collection might have been made. The instances here recorded are a faithful transcript of the voice of Nature; and it will strike every one that music has had its origin in these simple and immutable expressions. With these facts before him, he has taken a philosophical view of the science, and endeavoured to explain the true principles of musical taste and expression; but, not confining himself to this inquiry, he has ventured to treat upon other matters in which sound is concerned."

The theme here taken by Mr. Gardiner is an extensive one, and he has treated it with a proportionate extensiveness of purpose and perception. Sometimes his enthusiasm is almost amusing, and his versatility of observation is novel as it is entertaining. He pretends to find music "in every thing," animate and inanimate, vocal and mechanical. The tramping of our feet has something of the soul of music in it, our speaking is more or less musical, and the colloquial "how d'ye do?" and "pretty well, I thank you," are here set to music for the first time, as well as the calling of females after their daughters and sisters, the sounds of laughing, of yawning, of sneezing, of coughing, of squalling, the puling cry of a spoiled child, the spiteful voice of one stripping teasing another, the endearing tone of a mother fondling her child, &c. &c. The various voices of dogs, oxen, horses, asses, &c. are also similarly analyzed, to say nothing of the cries of "the London streets," which have something essentially musical about them. In short, it is a most entertaining and clever book, from which we have no hesitation in making considerable extracts.

Acuteness of the Ear.

"By practice, the discriminating powers of the ear may be carried to the highest degree of perfection. The success of thieves and gamblers depends upon its quickness. Since the money has been recoined, the regularity with which each piece is struck gives them a uniformity of sound that is very remarkable; the half-crowns having the sound of *A* in *alt*. Bankers quickly discover the least deviation from the proper tone, by which they readily detect the counterfeits. In the tossing up of money, gamblers can perceive a difference in the sound, whether it falls upon one side or the other. Pie-men are furnished with a covering to their baskets, made of a smooth plate of metal, by which they take in the unwary, as they rea-

dily tell which side is uppermost by the sound upon the plate, though concealed by the hand.

"The atmosphere is the grand medium by which sound is conveyed, though recent discoveries prove that other bodies conduct it with greater expedition; as in the instance of vibrating a tuning fork, to the stem of which is attached a packthread string: on the other end being wrapped round the little finger, and placed in the chamber of the ear, the sound will be audibly conveyed to the distance of two hundred yards, though not perceptible to any bystander. Miners, in boring for coal, can tell by the sound what substance they are penetrating; and a recent discovery is that of applying a listening-tube to the breast, to detect the motions of the heart. The quickness which some persons possess in distinguishing the smaller sounds is very remarkable. A friend of the writer has declared he could readily perceive the motion of a flea, when on his nightcap, by the sound emitted by the machinery of his leaping powers. However extraordinary this may appear, we find a similar statement is given in the ingenious work upon insects, by Kirby and Spence, who say, 'I know of no other insect, the tread of which is accompanied by sound, except, indeed, the flea, whose steps a lady assured me she always hears when it passes over her nightcap, and that it clacks as if it was walking in pattens!' If we can suppose the ear to be alive to such delicate vibrations, certainly there is nothing in the way of sound too difficult for it to achieve. To accustom ourselves to listen with attention is the first step to improvement."

Noise and Sound.

"There is a marked distinction between noise and musical sound: noise is a confused mixture of sounds produced by the concussion of non-elastic bodies; whereas musical sound is a pure harmonious effect, emanating from a simple elastic body, as the tone of a bell. It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther, and are heard at a greater distance, than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude, which is overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying upon the spot.

"To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments, the following observations will be fully understood. The violins made at Cremona about the year 1660 are superior in tone to any of a later date; age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of these instruments, it will appear much the loudest of the two; but, on receding 100 paces, when compared with the *Amati*, it will be scarcely heard.

"When Barthelemon led the Opera, connoisseurs would go into the gallery to hear the effect of his Cremona violin, which at this distance predominated greatly above all the other instruments, though, in the

orchestra, it was not perceptibly louder than any of the rest."

The Voice.

"The human voice, in its tone and accent, is unquestionably the most pure and sonorous of any which distinguish the vocal animals. In those countries where man, like a plant, may be said to grow and flourish, it expands, ripens, and comes to perfection; but in the northern and colder regions, where the mouth is more constantly closed, the voice is restricted, and escapes with difficulty.

"Greece and Italy, those far-famed countries, which have been the admiration of the world for their mild and beautiful climate, have been ever famous for the vocal art. Under a sky so serene, the voice partakes of that clear and open tone, that at once creates a language pure, free, and harmonious. This euphony of speech, or *aria parlante*, may be regarded as a natural faculty, and it is but a slight step in these countries to move into all the beauties of song. In a climate like our own, where nature has been less generous, it is a rare instance to meet with any voices that are truly excellent. Many of our words have had their origin in severer climes, and partake so much of the nasal and guttural tones as to destroy every vestige of melody.—These defects may, in a great measure, be remedied by art; and, if we commence soon enough, a voice may be made to approach the excellence of the Italians.

"The lower notes of most voices are formed in the chest, which may be felt by laying the hand upon the breast, as the sound produces a very perceptible vibration. This portion of the voice is called by the Italians the *voce de petto*, or voice of the breast. Upon this stands the common voice, and immediately above it comes the *voce de testa*, or the voice of the head, the notes of which are formed at the highest point of the vocal organs. The tones of the *voce de petto* are of an instinctive nature, and are the most passionate that we utter: they express our inmost feelings, and are termed the language of the heart, as it is from the region of the heart that they spring.

"The tones of the *voce de testa* are of a very opposite kind to that deep and inward feeling of the lower voice. Its high and piercing cry is rather the language of imposture than sincerity. In the voices of men, the *voce de testa* is sometimes termed a falsetto, or feigned voice, the tone of which is similar to the constrained effect of over-blowing an organ-pipe or a flute. This fictitious voice is now abandoned by composers of the present day, as being devoid of strength and expression."

Neatness in Speaking.

"The nose and roof of the mouth may be regarded as the sound-board of the voice. The teeth form a bridge or barrier upon which the lips and tongue are constantly playing; and their beauty and regularity contribute much to the neatness of speech.

"The action of the tongue is susceptible of high cultivation, and upon its activity de-

pends much of that silvery tone of voice that delights us. With many, it lies a sluggish lump in the mouth; as, when pronouncing the letter L, it so blocks up the passage, that the voice escapes with difficulty. The lips are employed in the softer tones, and are chargeable with the same lassitude of expression.

"The chin has an important office to perform, which is, to operate upon the hinge that opens and shuts the mouth; for upon its activity we either disclose a polite or vulgar pronunciation. Every one must have noticed, in lazy speakers, how the words are drawled out of their mouths; as Nee-o for No. Others begin to talk before their mouths are open, affixing the mouth-closing M to most of their words; as M-yes for Yes."

NIEBUHR'S HISTORY OF ROME *.

(Concluded.)

Much ingenuity is displayed in treating of the legend of Coriolanus; the varying narratives are compared, their contradictions exposed, and the facts apparently placed in a true and clear light. The long-drawn account in Dionysius is pronounced to be the worst part of his whole history, though he has preserved some important features of the old legend, which are wanting in Livy's concise and admirable representation. Plutarch has transcribed Dionysius, adding all else that he could scrape together. The legend itself is beautifully related, and is followed by these carefully weighed and discriminating remarks:—

"The story that Coriolanus lived and died in quiet among the Volscians, excited no surprise so long as it was the general belief that they were indebted to him for the glorious peace by which Antium was restored to them, as well as for the conquest of the Latin towns; nay, if there could be a doubt that the legend also represented the humiliation brought upon Rome by that treaty as the act of her own son, and exalted his virtue by making him keep faith toward the nation that had received him, while he sacrificed himself, this very story would prove it. It was not till very late, after the peace of 295 had fallen into oblivion, that any body could fancy that Coriolanus had yielded his demands in behalf of the Volscians to the prayers of the matrons; and then it was deemed impossible that he should have continued to live in the midst of his incensed foes; various accounts were devised of the way in which he perished. Others were struck with the reflexion that the obedience of the Volscians to a stranger who commanded them to give up the war, was altogether as incredible; and so the fable of the voluntary death of Themistocles was transferred to him; just as we find stories out of Herodotus inserted in the account of the Tarquins.

"Cicero, through whom alone we become acquainted with this form of the story, merely says of its hero that he took part in the calamitous Volscian war: this may perhaps have been what he heard at Arpinum: the Roman tradition however regarded that

war as one waged under the auspices of Coriolanus himself against the Latins, but with which the Romans were merely menaced, as is shown by the feacial truces, and which was averted; it looked on him and his followers as a power with which the Volscians allied themselves as with a state. Assuredly its view was that he went forth not alone, but attended by the same bands which had followed him on his unauthorized expedition against Antium, and that these were not inferior in strength to those which accompanied the Fabii. Poetical invention seems to have allowed itself free scope in this story; and so the whole of it must be excluded from history: while the legend of Camillus has only stifled the historical tradition in a few passages, that of Coriolanus has done so in its whole extent; and so completely that it is difficult to make out the place to which it belonged. We may even be liable to mistake the discords of the annalists for the notes of the poet. The battle fought by Cn. Marcius before a town which he takes with his own hand, is an idea belonging to a heroic poem: whether this poem also called the town Corioli, may be questioned; at all events the origin of the name Coriolanus must have been of the same kind as that of similar ones derived from other Latin towns. I have already remarked that the whole story of the manner in which corn was procured during the famine, and consequently that likewise of the present from the Siceliot king, may have been borrowed, after the mischievous custom of the annalists, from the year 344; but the proposition of Coriolanus is no invention of theirs; they only wanted to devise a plausible explanation how the senate came to have corn. Soon after the famine of 278, the only one that can be meant, the impeachments of powerful delinquents by the tribunes begin; and that of Coriolanus, which was grounded immediately on the mutual rights of the two estates, may have been one of the first. Sp. Icilius may perhaps have appeared there before his tribuneship as ædile. A good number of years may have elapsed between the condemnation of Coriolanus and the peace of 295; in which it is extremely dubious whether he actually took any leading part; at least the two enumerations of his pretended conquests are nothing else than two imperfect lists of the towns taken by the Æquians, along with those taken by the Volscians after the fall of Antium, and of the fortresses in the Pomptine district. We may conjecture with great confidence that it was the vanity of the Romans that tried to console itself by representing the recall of the colonists as a concession made to their magnanimous and injured fellow-citizen; and that Coriolanus only attended the Volscian standards as leader of a band of Roman exiles. Since, however, a recollection like that which remains of him cannot rest on a mere fable, we may deem it certain that his generosity resigned the opportunity of taking the city, when Latium was almost entirely subdued, and Rome was brought to a very low ebb by the pestilence." Alas, for some of our dearest poetical fabrics!

* Vol 2, 8vo. Taylor.

at the touch of the stern hand of Truth, they crumble into dust.

The cause of the contradictions and falsehoods in Roman history is traced to the circumstance that there were persons among the later annalists whose childish vanity was so much hurt by the story of any misfortune befalling Rome, even in remote antiquity, that if it was impossible to suppress it, they did not scruple to invent some occurrence to follow it, by which the enemy was to be stript of his whole advantage, and to suffer ample retaliation. These falsehoods, being related in the same tone with the parts that rested on tradition, imposed on the writers who drew up a complete classical history of Rome: this was owing to their want of faith in the merits of the simple old chronicles, and in the existence of any genuine tradition.

The narrative of the disasters and extraordinary phenomena by which Rome was visited for twenty years before the institution of the Decemvirate, derives a painful importance from the visitations to which Europe has been recently subjected. In connection with these, we find the following profound reflexion:—"pestilences, like inhuman military devastations, corrupt those whom they ruin: no afflictions can make men better, except such as lead the sufferers to cast away their follies and to grow manly, such as rouse their energy to encounter the evil at least, if not to overcome it. Very calamitous times, however, serve to awaken a sense of the defects of existing institutions; many cheer themselves with the belief that the correction of these would restore their lost prosperity: and this motive unquestionably seconded the proposals made at Rome after the pestilence and the military reverses for the reformation of the laws." Whilst showing the necessity for this reformation, Niebuhr remarks:—

"As a chaos of this sort almost always has a venerable look in the eyes of those who have grown old in commerce with it, prejudices were shocked by the project of replacing it by a uniform law of the land; which however was not designed to be the invention of any fancied theoretical wisdom, but a selection from the institutions already in force for one part or other of the nation. Passions however were much more violently irritated by the plan of imparting the privileges of the first estate to the rest of the citizens, and above all by that of putting all classes on an equal footing, and uniting them into one nation, of dividing the government and the supreme authority between them, and of replacing the unlimited power of the consul by an office so constituted as to prevent abuse and arbitrary dealing in the magistrate invested with it. To accomplish this purpose the bill proposed the appointment of ten commissioners, of whom five were to be chosen by the commonalty, undoubtedly in the assembly of the tribes. The other five, who represented the patricians, were to be named by them; and thus, supposing that for this turn the curies had been allowed to nominate both consuls, there would have been no need of new elections; the consuls, the quæstors of blood,

and the warden of the city, with the tribunes, would have formed a decemvirate. If the intention was not that this body of the magistrates of both orders should be invested with the legislative power, it was understood that the commissioners when elected were to take place of all the officers of state.

"C. Terentilius promulged his bill in the year 292, while the legions were in the field; after the return of the consul Lucretius it was passed by the commonalty, but rejected by the senate and the curies. It is not indeed stated any where, but is evident in itself, that a bill which met with this fate could not be revived within the same year; such regulations must exist in all free constitutions. And thus the patricians, while they observed all the forms of law, might again have parried the measure the next year, when A. Virginus either revived the bill of Terentilius, who, as he is not mentioned again, seems to have been taken out of the way by death or accident, or brought forward a still more extensive one; and so they might have gone on from year to year, but that the veto of the aristocratical branch of a legislative body can never in the long run withstand a measure the need of which is strongly and generally felt. Many a well-meaning man, who has voted according to his prejudices, and in subservience to the maxims predominant in his order, begins to distrust them when they are rejected by some of his brethren whom he respects; many grow weary of the contest, when the gradual growth of the minority shows that the question is not likely to be abandoned; and a younger generation springs up, inclined to doubt at the least about those prejudices, which their fathers in their simplicity believed to be indisputable truths. Hence calculating politicians may have wished for a violent decision, in which the commonalty should put itself in the wrong, as a security against the ultimate compliance of their own order: fanatics might hope for a complete counter-revolution from it, forgetting how shamefully and deplorably the attempt had ended ten years before."

The translation appears to be executed with care, and will enhance the reputation of the distinguished scholars who have devoted themselves to the task. At the same time we must observe, that our pleasure in the perusal has been in some measure lessened by some orthographical peculiarities, for which we are at a loss to discover the motive or justification.

Among the manuscripts of Niebuhr there has fortunately been found a continuous history from the dictatorship of Publius, where the original second volume closed, down to the beginning of the first Punic war, written out for the press ten or twelve years ago. This (along with some corrections of the original second volume) is in the hands of the author's illustrious friend, Savigny, and its speedy publication is expected. When it appears, the translators engage "to complete what has now become their melancholy duty."

DANGERS OF REFLECTION.

(From Barrington's "Personal Sketches.")

"The most extraordinary instance I recollect of a sudden affection of the mind being fatal to the body was presented by an old acquaintance of mine, Counsellor Conaghty, a gentleman of the Irish bar, who pined and died in consequence of an unexpected view of his own person; but by no means upon the same principle as Narcissus.

"Mr. Conaghty was a barrister of about six feet two inches in length; his breadth was about three feet across the shoulders; his hands splay, with arms in full proportion to the rest of his members. He possessed, indeed, a set of limbs that would not have disgraced a sucking elephant; and his body appeared slit up two-thirds of its length, as if Nature had originally intended (which is not very improbable) to have made twins of him—but finding his *brains* would not answer for *two*, relinquished her design. His complexion, not a disagreeable fawn-colour, was spotted by two good black eyes, well intrenched in his head, and guarded by a thick *chevaux de frise* of curly eye-brows. His mouth, which did not certainly extend, like a John-dory's, from ear to ear, was yet of sufficient width to disclose between thirty and forty long, strong, whitish tusks, the various heights and distances whereof gave a pleasing variety to that feature. Though his *tall* countenance was terminated by a chin which might, upon a pinch, have had an interview with his stomach, still there was quite enough of him between the chin and waistband to admit space for a waistcoat, without the least difficulty.

"Conaghty, in point of disposition, was a quiet, well-tempered, and, I believe, totally irreproachable person. He was not unacquainted with the superficialities of law, nor was he without professional business. Nobody, in fact, disliked him, and he disliked nobody. In national idiom, and Emerald brogue, he unquestionably excelled (save one) all his contemporaries. Dialogues sometimes occurred in court between him and Lord Avonmore, the chief baron, which were truly ludicrous.

"The most unfortunate thing, however, about poor Conaghty, was his utter contempt for what fastidious folks call *dress*.—As he scorned both garters and suspenders, his stockings and small-clothes enjoyed the full blessings of liberty. A well-twisted cravat, as if it feared to be mistaken for a cord, kept a most respectful distance from his honest throat—upon which the neighbouring beard flourished in full crops, to fill up the interstice. His rusty black coat, well trimmed with peeping button-moulds, left him, altogether, one of the most tremendous figures I ever saw, of his own profession.

"At length it pleased the counsellor, or old nick on his behalf, to look out for a wife; and, as dreams go by contraries, so Conaghty's perverse vision of matrimonial happiness induced him to select a *sposa* very excellent internally, but in her exterior as

much the reverse of himself as any two of the same species could be.

"Madam Conaghty was (and I dare say still is) a neat, pretty, dressy little person: her head reached nearly up to her spouse's hip; and if he had stood wide, to let her pass, she might, (without much stooping) have walked under him as through a triumphal arch.

"He was quite delighted with his captivating fairy, and she equally so with her good-natured giant. Nothing could promise better for twenty or thirty years of honey-moons, when an extraordinary and most unexpected fatality demonstrated the uncertainty of all sublunary enjoyments, and might teach ladies who have lost their beauty the dangers of a looking-glass.

"The counsellor had taken a small house, and desired his dear little Mary to furnish it to her own dear little taste. This, as new-married ladies usually do, she set about with the greatest zeal and assiduity. She had a proper taste for things in general, and was besides extremely anxious to make her giant somewhat smarter; and, as he had seldom in his life had any intercourse with looking-glasses larger than necessary just to reflect his chin whilst shaving, she determined to place a grand mirror in her little drawing-room, extensive enough to exhibit the counsellor to himself from head to foot—and which, by reflecting his loose, shabby habiliments, and tremendous contour, might induce him to trim himself up.

"This plan was extremely promising in the eyes of little Mary; and she had no doubt it would be entirely consonant with her husband's own desire of Mrs. Conaghty's little drawing room being the nicest in the neighbourhood. She accordingly purchased, in Great George Street, at a very large price, a looking-glass of sufficing dimensions, and it was a far larger one than the counsellor had ever before noticed.

"When this fatal reflector was brought home, it was placed leaning against the wall in the still unfurnished drawing-room,—and the lady, having determined at once to surprise and reform her dear giant, did not tell him of the circumstance. The ill-fated counsellor, wandering about his new house—as people often do toward the close of the evening—that interregnum between sun, moon, and candle-light, when shadows are deep and figures seem lengthened—suddenly entered the room where the glass was deposited. Unconscious of the presence of the immense reflector, he beheld, in the gloom, a monstrous and frightful Caliban—wild, loose, and shaggy,—standing close and direct before him; and, as he raised his own gigantic arms in a paroxysm of involuntary horror, the goblin exactly followed his example, lifting its tremendous fists, as if with a fixed determination to fell the counsellor, and extinguish him for ever.

"Conaghty's imagination was excited to its utmost pitch. Though the spectre appeared larger than any d—l on authentic record, he had no doubt it was a genuine demon sent express to destroy his happiness and carry him to Belzebub. As his appre-

hensions augmented, his pores sent out their icy perspiration: he tottered—the fiend too was in motion! his hair bristled up, as it were, like pikes to defend his head. At length his blood recoiled, his eyes grew dim, his pulse ceased, his long limbs quivered—failed; and down came poor Conaghty with a loud shriek and a tremendous crash. His beloved bride, running up alarmed by the noise, found the counsellor as inanimate as the boards he lay on. A surgeon was sent for, and phlebotomy was resorted to as for *apoplexy*, which the seizure was pronounced to be. His head was shaved; and by the time he revived a little, he had three extensive blisters and a cataplasm preparing their stings for him.

"It was two days before he recovered sufficiently to tell his Mary of the horrid spectre that had assailed him—for he really thought he had been felled to the ground by a blow from the goblin. Nothing, indeed, could ever persuade him to the contrary, and he grew quite delirious.

"His reason returned slowly and scantily; and when assured it was only a *looking-glass* that was the cause of his terror, the assurance did not alter his belief. He pertinaciously maintained, that this was only a kind story invented to tranquillize him. 'Oh, my dearest Mary!' said poor Conaghty, 'I'm gone!—my day is come—I'm call'd away for ever. Oh! had you seen the frightful figure that struck me down, you could not have survived it one hour! Yet why should I fear the d—l? I'm not wicked, Mary! No, I'm not *very* wicked!'

"All efforts to convince Conaghty he was mistaken were vain. The illusion could not be removed from his mind; he had received a shock which affected his whole frame; a constipation of the intestines took place; and in three weeks, the poor fellow manifested the effects of groundless horror in a way which every one regretted."

LABOURERS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

A VERY intelligent volume of *Authentic Information relative to New South Wales and New Zealand**, has just been published by Mr. Busby, formerly in an official situation in the former, and now a resident in New Zealand. The book is at a low price, and contains some of the best practical information we have met with respecting this part of the globe. The first portion is in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wilmot Horton, in reference to his Emigration Bill, which is followed by several chapters of excellent advice to labourers and others emigrating. The following passage on the prices of labour and the morals of the workmen is worthy of consideration.

"For several years past, tradesmen and mechanics of the more useful classes, such as carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, &c. have been able to earn from 5s. to 10s. per day in Sydney. I believe there has scarcely been an instance of a good workman of either of these descriptions, and of some others of the kinds which

are most in request in a new country, receiving less than 5s.; and men of great skill and industry have often been able to obtain more than the larger sum by their daily labour. Even common labourers procure from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per day in Sydney.

"It must not however be supposed that all the mechanics and tradesmen in the colony, whose labour is at their own disposal, are fully employed at these prices. The very reverse is the case. The peculiar circumstances of the colony are such as, in this respect, altogether to alter the relation usually subsisting between supply and demand in the commodity of labour. These circumstances are, *first*, the indolent and depraved habits of the workmen; and, *secondly*, the cheapness of provisions. A very small proportion of the working classes have industry and steadiness enough to continue their labour from day to day, with the view of accumulating their earnings, in order to better their condition in life; and the greater part of their time is accordingly spent in sloth and dissipation;—or if a greater portion of their time be given to labour, it is only that they may plunge the deeper in debauchery during the remainder.

"The extreme cheapness of the necessities of life, which makes it possible for a man to maintain himself during a week on the wages of one day, enables them to keep up this system, and to make their own terms with the master: and thus those to whom labour is indispensable are forced to pay a most exorbitant price; and the majority of persons, especially of those resident in the country, are obliged to content themselves with such mechanical labour as is requisite to carry on the most necessary operations on their farms, and to postpone all improvements to an indefinite period; while, at the same time, half the mechanical skill in the colony is running to waste.

"It is evident, therefore, that the very high price which is paid for labour, is not altogether the effect of the scarcity of labourers, but results also from their disregard for any thing beyond the means of present gratification,—from the cheapness of provisions, which enables them to keep up the price of labour by refusing to work, unless on their own terms; and, perhaps, from their depravity of character, which would lead many of them to prefer the alternative of turning robbers and bush-rangers, rather than submit to labour, unless for such a remuneration as will enable them to indulge their habits of indolence and intemperance.

"About twelve months ago, the shopkeepers and dealers in Sydney came to the resolution of abolishing the *currency prices*, and substituting sterling prices in their stead. In other words, instead of taking the Spanish dollar at the nominal rate of 5s., and charging for their goods accordingly, they professed to reduce the nominal price of their goods, and to take the dollar at its real value of 4s. 2d. In consequence of this change, which was almost universally adopted, mechanics and work people insisted on being paid in sterling the same nominal sum which they were formerly paid in cur-

* 8vo. Joseph Cross.

rency, alleging that the shop-keepers would only receive their dollars at 4s. 2d., instead of 5s. as formerly. They combined to enforce this demand, by refusing to work unless their wages were raised in the same proportion, and in the majority of instances they were successful."

ECONOMY OF MANUFACTURES, &c.

Effect of Circumstances on Price.

The history of cajeput oil during the last few months, offers a curious illustration of the effect of opinion upon price. In July of last year, (1831,) cajeput oil was sold, exclusive of duty, at 7d. per ounce. The disease which had ravaged the East was then supposed to be approaching our shores, and its proximity created alarm. At this period, the oil in question began to be much talked of, as a powerful remedy in that dreadful disorder; and in September it rose to the price of 3s. and 4s. the ounce. In October there were few or no sales; but in the early part of November, the speculations in this substance reached their height, and between the 1st and the 15th it realized the following prices: 3s. 9d., 5s., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s., 9s., 10s., 10s. 6d., 11s. After the 15th of November, the holders of cajeput oil were anxious to sell at much lower rates; and in December a fresh arrival was offered by public sale at 5s. and withdrawn, being sold afterwards, as it was understood, by private contract, at 4s. or 4s. 6d. per oz. Since that time, 1s. 6d. and 1s. have been realized; and a fresh arrival, which is daily expected, (March, 1832,) will probably reduce it below the price of July. Now it is important to notice, that in November, the time of greatest speculation, the quantity in the market was held by few persons, and that it frequently changed hands, each holder being desirous to realize his profit. The quantity imported since that time has also been considerable.

Advantages of the Due Division of Labour in Manufactures.

It appears from the analysis we have given of the art of pin-making, that it occupies rather more than seven hours and a half of time, for ten different individuals working in succession on the same material, to convert it into a pound of pins; and that the total expense of their labour, each being paid in the joint ratio of his skill, and of the time he is employed, amounts very nearly to 1s. 1d. But from an examination of the first of these tables, it appears that the wages earned by the persons employed vary from 4½d. per day up to 6s. and consequently the skill which is required for their respective employments may be measured by those sums. Now it is evident, that if one person be required to make the whole pound of pins, he must have skill enough to earn about 5s. 3d. per day whilst he is pointing the wires or cutting off the heads from the spiral coil,—and 6s. when he is whitening the pins; which three operations together would occupy little more than the seventeenth part of his time. It is also apparent, that during more than one-half of his time he must be earning only 1s. 3d.

per day in putting on the heads, although his skill, if properly employed, would, in the same time, produce nearly five times as much. If, therefore, we were to employ, for each of the processes, the man who whitens the pins, and who earns 6s. per day, even supposing that he could make the pound of pins in an equally short time, yet we must pay him for his time 46.14 pence, or about 3s. 10d. The pins would therefore cost in making three times and three-quarters as much as they now do by the application of the division of labour. The higher the skill required of the workman in any one process of a manufacture, and the smaller the time during which it is employed, so much the greater will be the advantage of separating that process from the rest, and devoting one person's attention entirely to it. Had we selected the art of needle-making as our illustration, the economy arising from the division of labour would have been still larger; for the process of tempering the needles requires great skill, attention, and experience, and although from three to four thousand are tempered at once, the workman is paid a very high rate of wages. In another process of the same art, dry-pointing, which is also executed with great rapidity, the wages earned by the workman reach from 7s. to 12s., 15s. and even, in some instances, to 20s. per day; whilst other processes in the same art are carried on by children paid at the rate of 6d. per day.—*Babbage on Machinery, &c.*

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE understand that we have given considerable offence by some remarks we made, the week before last, in our notice of *La Straniera*, and that the lovers and professors of Italian music have especially felt themselves aggrieved by them. Nothing could have been further from our thoughts than to offend a mortal man, except perhaps the folly of attempting to detract from the music of Italy,—the very land of song. No one can listen to such singers as Pasta, Malibran, Rosa Mariani, Lablache, Donzelli, Tamburini, &c. &c. and not confess that music is an inherent property of Italian throats; yet, on the other hand, no man of sense can attend to one of the German operas, as recently performed here, and not be convinced, that if the Italians have the soul of song in their natural conformation, the Germans have all the science of music, and its various resources pre-eminently at their command. The Italians have beautiful voices, and are fine accomplished singers; they gambol in sweet sounds, and astonish as well as delight the hearer with their power and ease of execution, but as a "school," they want that which is very essential—the stuff to work upon. They have absolutely no composers, that is, not one that has an atom of invention, or a notion of the appropriate combination or production of "effects" in his head. All their music is of one manufacture, and from the same fruitful source:—nonentity; and varied

only in its character by the quickness or noisiness with which it is performed. Their materials are second, third, fourth, or fifth-hand, and are tricked forth with the most unblushing complacency, with the identical profusion of gaudy embellishment that has decorated hundreds of similar nothings that have gone before them. What can be more delightful, *per se*, than one of their most luxuriant *cavatins* warbled forth in roulades and triplets and flourishes, by a Malibran, a Cinti, or a Sontag? yet nothing can be more unmeaning and unnatural than its forced connection with the opera to which it pretends to belong. The Italians (we talk of the modern "school," be it understood,) have no good dramatic music, for the very simple reason that they have no good dramas to work upon.

The business of an opera is to tell or illustrate a story; in order to do this, the drama and the music should be so intimately and so immutably connected as to have the appearance of one complete and homogeneous creation. We will go further, and liken it to a *bonâ fide* living being;—the drama is the body, the music the life and soul which gives it heat and action. As we observe in nature that a beauteous and symmetrical form is often united with a soul of a similar character, so in an opera that music is most delightful and most appropriate which is connected with a drama of just and natural proportions. There are often exceptions, however, in the one case, which but rarely occur in the other; for we will defy a musical composer, however fertile his invention, or powerful his genius, to compose any thing in the shape of appropriate music to a hotch-potch play, which hath neither head, nor tail, nor leg, nor limb discoverable in its right place. 'Tis thus, then, that we are to be understood when we speak of the Italian "school" being on the decline. The Germans, on the other hand, are a wonderful instance of the triumph of science and perseverance over natural disadvantages;—for certainly, in a state of ordinary life, the tongue of Mynheer has nothing captivating or musical about it. By dint of hard study and long practice, however, their voices are now as we find them,—substantial, correct, and full of feeling, whilst their natural wildness and fertility of invention has produced works which we shall seek in vain to equal from amongst ten times their bulk and number of Italian *maestros*. Their dramatic music is as pre-eminent for its excellence as the Italian is for its total inanity, and for the very reason that the dramatist and the composer seem to have worked together, and with one mind, and not as if neither one had heard or dreamt of the labours of the other till they were both tacked together, as convenience served, in presence of the audience. If Italian singers would employ a German composer upon a really great work, and produce it with all their united energies, the effect would be the *ne plus ultra* of musical performance. Till this is the case, the Italians must waste their delicious voices in vain roulades upon "the desert air," whilst the Germans, with their sturdy singing and

sterling music, must inevitably keep hold of the public ear.

Mozart's *Don Juan*, "as originally composed," that is, with several additional pieces that have long been omitted in the Italian representation, was produced on Wednesday, for the benefit of Madame Devrient, when there was a full house. It was a performance in which every lover of music must have taken delight; for not only was the *tout ensemble* of the opera, including principally the concerted pieces and chorusses, given with a masterly precision and vigour it had never before been treated with, but a very material variation was occasionally observable in the spirit and time with which some of the best known and most favourite airs were performed. Madame Devrient was a splendid *Elvira*; and in her grand scena in the first act, and again near the end of the second, came off with triumphant success. Haizinger sang delightfully as *Octavio*; and, in the very beautiful scena in the second act, which is reckoned a vocal *chef-d'œuvre* on the continent, displayed feeling and melody of a powerful order. Madame de Meric and Mademoiselle Schneider acquitted themselves with all their usual happy success in the parts of *Donna Anna* and *Zerlina*. The least effective portion of the cast was that of the gallant *Don* and his attendant, *Leporello*.—Herr Hauser is not a bad singer, and his acting was spirited enough, but in both respects he wanted richness and style. The new pieces of music we have already alluded to are of considerable extent, and add materially to the richness of Mozart's great work;—the new finale is a striking and masterly composition, and brought down rapturous applause, with a call for its *encore*, which, considering the composer, and the occasion of its first appearance, we wonder was not complied with. The overture was encored; and too much praise cannot be given M. Chelard for the admirable delicacy and precision of the orchestra under his guidance. This opera, as now performed, will doubtless draw good houses for some nights to come, though we will not part for long with *Fidelio*, even for it.

On Thursday, for the benefit of Donzelli, Madame Devrient appeared in the third act of Rossini's *Otello*; it was a splendid vocal and histrionic performance, which perfectly electrified the audience.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

Friday.—*Lover's Quarrels*; the *School for Coquettes*; the *Wolf and the Lamb*; *Katherine and Petruccio*.

Saturday.—*A Day after the Wedding*; *Secrets worth Knowing*; the *Wolf and the Lamb*; the *Illustrious Stranger*.

Monday.—*A Duel in Richelieu's Time*; the *Wolf and the Lamb*; *Belles have at you all*; *Youth, Love, and Folly*.

Tuesday.—*Lover's Quarrels*; *Much Ado about Nothing*; *A Duel, &c.*; the *Wolf and the Lamb*;

Wednesday.—*The Marriage of Figaro*; *A Duel, &c.*; *John Jones*; the *Boarder*.

Thursday.—*The Busy Body*; *a Duel, &c.*; the *Wolf and the Lamb*; *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

ENGLISH OPERA, OLYMPIC.

Friday.—*The Barber of Seville*; *Old Regimentals*; the *Middle Temple*.

Saturday.—*The Marriage of Figaro*; the *Picturesque*; the *Haunted Inn*.

Monday.—*The Evil Eye*; the *Middle Temple*; the *Sister of Charity*.

Tuesday.—*The Evil Eye*; *Love's Dream*; *Old Regimentals*.

Wednesday.—*The Evil Eye*; *Is he Jealous?* *Bombastes Furioso*.

Thursday.—*The Evil Eye*; the *Sister of Charity*; *Bombastes Furioso*.

A NEW "serious drama," a translation from a French piece recently performed at the Haymarket, was produced here on Monday with great applause. To detail the plot would be a tedious task, and when it was done, we are morally certain the reader would not have patience to come to the rights of it. Suffice it that there is a fair and coquettish widow, *Madame De Luynes*, (well played by Miss Taylor,) who is the cause of considerable jealousy between *De Chalais* and the *Duc de Chevreuse*, to the latter of whom she is privately married; a duel and the death of the former being the consequences. Besides this, there is the temporary disgrace and dismissal of *Richelieu*, and the as brief ascendancy of the said *De Chalais*, all combining to make a very entertaining and stirring performance.—The principal parts were well played by Miss Taylor, already mentioned, Cooper, J. Vining, and Webster; Farren, for a wonder, being omitted.

The French plays at Covent Garden have commenced prosperously. We were delighted and astonished at Mlle. Mars' beautiful performance of the blind, but intelligent and amiable *Valérie*;—an unique and unrivalled exhibition, which received rapturous applause. Taglioni dances here, but somehow or other she seems, with all her grace as graceful as ever, to have lost some of her physical alacrity. Perhaps this was owing to the novelty in her stage and her audience.

MINORS.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*The Convent, or the Pet of the Petticoat*, is the title of a new operatic piece, brought out here on Monday with great success. The drama is written by Buckstone, who, we suspect, has been indebted to French ingenuity in its construction: as to the plot, that is taken from the well-known and ludicrous story of "The Parrot of the Visitandines; Mrs. Fitzwilliam figuring as *Pretty Poll*,—the bird being changed into a boy (*Paul*) for stage purposes. The music is the composition of Mr. Barnett, who has produced, as usual, several very agreeable and effective melodies: the songs were exceedingly well given by Hunt, (the ex-singer of Covent Garden,) Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Forde, and W. H. Williams.

CITY.—The new speculator, Mr. (Edinburgh) Jones, has already resigned his office, after an experiment of only ten days. He brought out, on the opening night, (Wednesday, 27th June,) two new pieces, we believe his own production:—the first, *The Blind Beggar of Moorfields*, was a melodrama of the usual intensely-interesting class, in which murder is discovered by the

agency of a "blind beggar:" the other, a farce, *Odd Tricks and a Rubber*, was of a better cast, and the humour well sustained; the "odd tricks" were the incomprehensible lies of a certain *Mr. Flamwell*, who contrived to set every body else by the ears in a very provokingly-ludicrous manner; and the rubber, a *Mr. Sybaris Don*, in whose person a *rub* was indulged in at the celebrated rubbing operator of Harley Street. Both of these pieces were successful, but the houses which approved them were unfortunately so small, that the manager thought it best to resign office at the end of a ten days' season. This week, nevertheless, the concern is again open, we believe under the direction of Mr. Davidge, the proprietor.

SURREY.—Notwithstanding the protest of Mr. Sheridan Knowles against such piratical conduct, the manager of this house has brought out that gentleman's comedy of *The Hunchback*—with it must be admitted a tolerably good cast;—Elton in *Walter*, Balls in *Clifford*, and Mrs. West in *Julia*. We think the Surrey manager's conduct in this instance will not do much to further the cause of the minor theatres, before the parliamentary committee. His concluding piece, a pantomime, called *The Elfie's Son*, is more in keeping with the terms of his license: its chief attractions are the astonishing posturings of a nondescript, said to be a "human," called *The Young Disloqué*, who came out originally a few years back at Sadler's Wells; the other pantomime characters are also all entrusted to their ex-representatives at the Wells, from what the new management has driven them.

CLARENCE.—The ex-performers of Sadler's Wells still continue their speculation here, but without the production of any very stirring novelty: they content themselves with the revival of old favorites.

STRAND.—*A Husband Wanted* is a lively burletta, which forms an agreeable after-piece to Jerrold's new comedy.

MISCELLANEA.

Sir Walter Scott.—This illustrious and venerable individual is now on his voyage to his native land, to yield, we fear too soon, his parting breath in his own favourite seat of Abbotsford. He was conveyed to the James Watt steamer on Monday, in a reclining posture, in a private carriage, which was then shipped in the usual way. The scene was strikingly impressive. The most marked and respectful silence prevailed on shore and on deck, and the customary *yeo-hoe!* as the crane was set in motion, was given in a scarcely audible whisper.

Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, was passionately fond of play. Once playing with an illustrious personage, he lost with such continued regularity, that there seemed to be something unfair;—at length, by dint of observation, he discovered the secret of his losses. The court was then either at Windsor or at Brighton, and the Prince Regent had brought into fashion blue coats with polished steel buttons as big

as crown pieces. By this means, whoever played with the prince had seven or eight small mirrors on his coat, which reflected every card in his hand. All this was, no doubt, the effect of chance, but it was a chance which made Lord Yarmouth lose thousands of pounds. As soon as Lord Yarmouth, with a rapid glance, detected the *chance snare*, he unbuttoned his coat, and said, in answer to the prince's inquiring look, "Sir, it is too hot for me here."—*Duchesse d'Abrantes' Memoires*.

Lord and Lady Conyngham.—Lady Conyngham was very elegant, took great care of her beauty, dressed well, and carried the care of her person so far as to remain in bed the whole day, until she dressed to go to a ball. She was of opinion that this preserved the freshness of her complexion, which she said was always more brilliant when she did not rise till nine at night.—She was a beautiful idol, and nothing more. Lord Conyngham, her husband, might be called ugly. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her frightful language, sometimes uttered smart things, said of Lord Conyngham, "that he was like a comb—all teeth and back."—*Ibid*.

Cholera.—A terrified contagionist, after lavishing every frightful term upon the horrors of cholera, ended by declaring that it was the Frankenstein of diseases.

Advantage of Short Stature.—Lord Chesterfield being given to understand that he would die by inches, very philosophically replied, "If that be the case, I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson."

Long Breakfast.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said, "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

Dialects of Birds.—Persons who have not attended to birds, suppose that every one of the same species sings the same song; but although there is a general resemblance, many varieties may be noticed. Thus, "the London bird-catchers prefer the song of the Kentish goldfinches, and the Essex chaffinches, and the Surrey nightingales, to those of Middlesex. These varieties may be compared to the dialects of different provinces."—*Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

Anecdote of the Paternal Character of the Government of Denmark.—An Englishman who had brought some wild beasts to Copenhagen was in the habit of putting his head into the mouth of the lion. The police interfered to prevent an act fraught with danger to life; but the proprietor, who made money by the exhibition of a man's head in a lion's mouth, complained to the British minister. The only answer he could obtain was, that in Denmark human life must not be exposed to such a risk. The king's regard for the security of his subjects' personal property is manifested by another law, which prevents a foreigner from obtaining the necessary signature to his passport, till he produce a document from the landlord of his inn certifying that he is not in debt.—*Elliot's North of Europe*.

The Effects of Duties upon the Import of Foreign Manufactures.

The effects of duties upon the import of foreign manufactures are equally curious. A singular instance occurred in the article bar-iron, which was liable to a duty of 140 per cent. *ad valorem*, on introduction into the United States, whilst that upon hardware was 25 per cent. In consequence of this tax, large quantities of malleable iron rails for rail-roads were imported into America under the denomination of hardware; and the difference of 115 per cent. in duty more than counter-balanced the expense of fashioning the iron into rails prior to its importation.

Duties, drawbacks, and bounties, when considerable in amount, are all liable to objections of a very serious nature, from the frauds to which they give rise. It has been stated before committees of the House of Commons, that calicoes made up in the form, and with the appearance of linen, have frequently been exported for the purpose of obtaining the bounty. The calico made up in this way sells at 1s. 4d. per yard, whereas linen of equal fineness is worth from 2s. 8d. to 2s. 10d. per yard. It appeared from the evidence, that one house in six months sold five hundred such pieces.—*Babbage*.

NOTICE.

THE extent to which our opening remarks incroach upon our columns, compels us to curtail this week's "Spectator of Books;"—one or two new publications still lying on our table. Next week, we hope to develop our plan in this respect to the satisfaction of all parties.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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